A brief CHARACTER of the LOW-COUNTRIES under the STATES.

Being three weeks obser vation of the Vices and Vertues of the INHABITANTS.

——— *Non seria semper.*

LONDON,
Printed for *Henry Seile.* 1

MVSEVM
BRITAN
NICVM

To the READER.

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into the Low-Countrys would needs for his own recreation write this Essay of them as He then found them: I am sure as far from ever thinking to have it publique, as he was from any private spleen to the Nation, or any person in it; for I have moved him often to print it, but could never get his consent, his modesty ever esteeming it among his puerilia, *and (as he said) a piece too light for a prudentiall man to publish: the truth is, it was meerly occasional in his youth, and the time so little, that he had for observation (his stay there not being above three weeks) that*

that it could not well be expected he should say more; and though the former part be joculary and sportive, yet the seriousness of the latter part, renders the Character no way injurious to the people. And now finding some ruffled feathers only presented for the whole bird, and having a perfect Copy by me, I have presumed to trespass so much upon the Author as to give it you (in vindication of him) so as I am confident it was dressed by his own pen. And after I have begged his pardon for exposing it without his Warrant, I shall leave you to judge by

comparing this and the former Impressions, whether or no he hath not been abused sufficiently.

Three weeks Obſervations of the Low-Countries; *eſpecially* HOLLAND.

THey are a general Sea-Land. The great Bog of *Europe*. There is not ſuch another Marſh in the world; that's flat. They are an univerſall Quag-

mire; Epitomiz'd, *A green Cheese in pickle.* There is in them an *Æquilibrium* of mud and water. A strong Earthquake would shake them to a *Chaos*, from which the successive force of the Sun, rather than Creation, hath a little e mended them. They are the Ingredients of a black pudding, and want only stirring together. Marry 'tis best making on't in a dry Summer, else you will have more bloud than grist; and then have you no way to make it serve for any thing, but to tread it under *Zona Torrida*, and so dry it for Turfs.

Sayes

Sayes one, it affords the people one commodity beyond all the other Regions; if they dye in perdition, they are so low, that they have a shorter cut to Hell than the rest of their neighbours. And for this cause, perhaps all strange Religions throng thither, as naturally inclining toward: their Center. Besides, their Riches shewes them to be *Pluto's* Region, and you all know what part that was which the Poets did of old assign him. Here is *Styx*, *Acheron*, *Cocytus*, and the rest of those muddy streames that have made matter for the

the Fablers. Almoſt every one is a *Charon* here, and if you have but a *Naulum* to give, you cannot want or Boat or Pilot. To confirm all, let but ſome of our Separatiſts be asked, and they ſhall ſwear that the *Elizian Fields* are there.

It is an excellent Country for a deſpairing Lover: for every corner affords him willow to make a Garland on; but if juſtice doom him to be hang'd on any other tree, he may in ſpight of the ſentence live long and confident. If he had rather quench his ſpirits than ſuffocate them, ſo ra-

rather chuſe to feed Lobſters than Crows; tis but leaping from his window, and he lights in a River or Sea; for moſt of their dwellings ſtand like privies in moted houſes, hanging ſtill over the water. If none of theſe cure him, keep him but a winter in a houſe without a ſtove, and that ſhall cool him.

The Soyl is all fat, though wanting the colour to ſhew it ſo; for indeed it is the buttock of the World, full of veines and bloud, but no bones in't. Had S. *Steven* been condemn'd to ſuffer here, he might have been alive at this

this day; for unleſs it be in their paved Cities, gold is a great deal more plentiful than ſtones, except it be living ones, and then for their heavineſs you may take in almoſt all the Nation.

Tis a ſingular place to fat Monkies in. There are Spiders as big as Shrimps, and I think as many. Their Gardens being moiſt, abound with theſe. No creatures; for ſure they were bred, not made, Were they but as venemous as rank, to gather herbs were to hazard Martyrdome. They are ſo large, that you would

would almoſt believe the *Heſperides* were here, and theſe the *Dragons* that did guard them.

You may travail the Country though you have not a guide: for you cannot baulk your road without the hazard of drowning. There is not there any uſe of a Harbinger. Whereſoever men go the way is made before them. Had they Cities large as their Walls, *Rome* would be eſteemd a bable. Twenty miles in length is nothing for a Waggon to be hurried on one of them, where if your fore-man be ſober, you may travail in

ſafety

ſafety, otherwiſe you muſt have ſtronger faith than *Peter* had, elſe you ſink immediately. A ſtarting horſe indangers you to two deaths at once, breaking of your neck, and drowning.

If your way be not thus, it hangs in the water, and at the Approach of your Waggon ſhall ſhake as if it were Ague-ſtrooken. *Duke D' Alva's* taxing of the tenth penny frighted it into a *Palſey*, which all the *Mountebanks* they have bred ſince could never tell how to Cure.

'Tis indeed but a bridge of ſwimming earth, or a flag

flagg ſomewhat thicker than ordinary, if the ſtrings crack your courſe is ſhortned, you can neither hope for Heaven nor fear Hell, you ſhall be ſure to ſtick faſt between them. Marry if your Faith flow Purgatory height, you may pray if you will for that to cleanſe you from the Mud ſhall foyl you.

Tis a green ſod in water, where if the *German Eagle* dares to bath himſelf, he's glad again to pearch that he may dry his wings.

Some things they do that ſeem Wonders. 'Tis ordinary to ſee them fiſh for fire in water, which they

they Catch in nets and transport to land in their boats, Where they spread it more smoothly than a *Mercer* doth his *Velvet* when he would hook in an heir upon his comming to age. Thus lying in a field, you would think you saw a Cantle of Green Cheese spread over with black butter.

If *Ætna* be hells mouth or fore-gate, sure here is found the *Postern*. 'Tis the *Port-Esquiline* of the world, where the full earth doth vent her crude black gore, which the Inhabitants scrape away for fuel, as men with spoones do ex-

excrements from *Civit Cats.*

Their ordinary pack-horſes are all of wood, carry their bridles in their tails, and their burdens in their bellies. A ſtrong tyde and a ſtiff Gale are the ſpurs that make them ſpeedy. When they travel they touch no ground; and when they ſtand ſtill they ride; and are never in danger but when they drink up too much of their way.

There is a Province among them, where every woman carries a Cony in a *Lambskin.* 'Tis a cuſtom, and not one that travels e-

ver

ver leaves it behind her. Now gueſs if you can what beaſt that is, which is clad in a fur both of hair and wool.

They dreſs their Meat *in aqua Cæleſti*, for it ſprings not as ours from the Earth, but comes to them, as *Manna* to the *Iſraelites*, falling from heaven. This they keep under ground till it ſtinks, and then they pump it out again for uſe. So when you waſh your hands with one hand, you had need hold your noſe with the other; for though it be not Cordial, 'tis certainly a ſtrong water.

The

The Elements are here at variance, the ſubtile overſwaying the groſſer, The fire cõſumes the earth, and the air the water, they burn Turffs, and drain their grounds with Windmills; As if the Cholick were a remedy for the Stone; And they would prove againſt Philoſophy the Worlds Conflagration to be natural, evẽ ſhewing thereby that the very Element of Earth is Combuſtible.

The land that they have they keep as neatly as a Courtier does his Beard. They have a Method in mowing. Tis ſo inter-

veind

vein'd with Waters and Rivers, that it is impossible to make a Common among them. Even the *Brownists* are here at a stād, only they hold their pride in wrangling for that which they never wil find. Our Justices would be much at ease although our *English* poor were still among them. For whatsoever they do they can break no hedges. Sure had the wise men of *Gotham* lived here, they would have studyed some other death for their *Cuckow*.

Their Ditches they frame as they list; and distinguish them into nooks,

as

as my Lord Majors Cook doth his Custards. Clense them they do often; but 'tis as Physicians give their potions, more to catch the fish, than cast the Mud out.

Though their Country be part of a mainland, yet every house almost stands in an Island. And that though a Boor dwell in it, looks as smug, as a Lady that hath newly lockt up her colours, and laid by her frons. A gallant masquing suit sits not more compleat, than a Coat of thatch though of many years wearing.

If it stand dry 'tis imbraced

ced by *Vines*, as if it were againſt the nature of a *Dutch-man* not to have *Bacchus* his neighbour. If you find it lower ſeated, 'tis only a cloſe Arbo rin a plump of *Willowes* and *Alders*; pleaſant enough while the Dog-daies laſt; But thoſe paſt once, you muſt practiſe wading, or be priſoner till the next ſpring. Only a hard froſt, with the help of a ſledge, may releaſe yon.

The Bridge to this is an outlandiſh plank with a box of Stones to poize it withall, which with the leaſt help turns round, like the Executioner when he

whips

whips off a head. That when the Maſter is over, ſtands drawn, and then he is in his Caſtle.

Tis ſure his fear that renders him ſuſpitious. That he may therefore certainly ſee who enters, you ſhal ever find his window made over his door. But it may be that is to ſhew you his Pedigree; for though his Anceſtors were never known, their Arms are there; which (in ſpight of Heraldry) ſhall bear their Atchievment with a Helmet for a Baron at leaſt. Marry the Field perhaps ſhall be charged with 3. baſquets, to ſhew what

trade his father was.

Escutcheons are as plentifull as Gentry is scarce. Every man there is his own Herald; and he that has but wit enough to invent a Coat, may challenge it as his own.

When you are entred the house, the first thing you encounter is a Looking-glass. No question but a true Embleme of politick hospitality; for though it reflect your self in your own figure, tis yet no longer than while you are there before it. When you are gone once, it flatters the next commer, without the least remembrance

brance that you ere were there.

The next are the veſſels of the houſe marſhalled about the room like watchmen. All as neat as if you were in a Citizens wives Cabinet; for unleſs it be themſelves, they let none of Gods creatures loſe any thing of their native beauty.

Their houſes, eſpecially in their Cities, are the beſt eye-beauties of their Country. For coſt and ſight they far exceed our Engliſh, but they want their magnificence. Their lining is yet more rich than their out-ſide;

not in hangings, but pictures, which even the pooreſt are there furniſht with. Not a cobler but has his toyes for ornament. Were the knacks of all their houſes ſet together, there would not be ſuch another *Bartholmew*-Fair in *Europe*.

Their Artiſts for theſe are as rare as thought; for they can paint you a fat hen in her feathers; and if you want the language, you may learn a great deal of Dutch by their ſignes; for what they are they ever write under them. So by this device hang up more honeſty than they keep. Coaches

Coaches are as rare as Comets; and thoſe that live looſely need not fear one puniſhment, which often vexes ſuch with us: They may be ſure, though they be diſcovered, they ſhall not be carted.

All their Merchandiſe they draw through the ſtreets on Sledges; or as we on Hurdles do traitors to execution.

Their rooms are but ſeverall land-boxes: if ſo, you muſt either goe out to ſpit, or bluſh when you ſee the Map brought.

Their beds are no other than land-cabines, high enough to need a ladder

or ſtairs. Up once, you are walled in with wainſcot, and that is good diſcretion to avoid the trouble of making your Will every night; for once falling out elſe would break your neck perfectly. But if you die in it, this comfort you ſhall leave your friends, that you dy'de in clean linnen.

Whatſoever their eſtates be, their houſes muſt be fair. Therefore from *Amſterdam* they have baniſht ſea-cole, leſt it ſoyl their buildings, of which the ſtatelier ſort are ſometimes ſententious, and in the front carry ſome conceit

ceit of the Owner. As to give you a taſte in theſe.

Chriſtus Adjutor Meus;
Hoc abdicato Perenne Quæro;
Hic Medio tutius Itur.

Every door ſeems ſtudded with Diamonds. The nailes and hinges hold a conſtant brightneſs, as if ruſt there were not a quality incident to iron. Their houſes they keep cleaner than their bodies; their bodies than their ſoules. Goe to one you ſhall finde the Andirons ſhut up in net work. At a ſecond, the warming pan

muffled in Italian Cut-work. At a third the Sconce clad in Cambrick. And like a Crown advanced in the middle of the houſe, for the woman there is the head of the husband, ſo takes the horn to her own charge, which ſhe ſometimes multiplies, and beſtowes the increaſe on her man.

Tis true, they are not ſo ready at this play as the *Engliſh*; for neither are they ſo generally bred to't, nor are their men ſuch linnen-lifters. Idleneſs and Courtſhip has not baniſh't honeſty. They ſpeak more, and doe leſs; yet doth

doth their blood boil high and their veins are full, which argues ſtrongly that when they will they may take up the cuſtome of entertaining ſtrangers. And having once done it, I believe they will be notable; for I have heard they trade more for love than money, but 'tis of the ſport not the man, and therefore when they like the paſtime they will reward the Gameſter; otherwiſe their groſs feed and clowniſh breeding hath ſpoiled them for being nobly minded. And if you once in publick diſcover her private favours

or pretend to more than is civil, ſhe falls off like fairy wealth diſcloſed, and turns like beer with lightning to a ſowreneſs, which neither Art nor labour can ever make ſweet again.

But this I muſt give you on report only; experience herein hath neither made me fool nor wiſe.

The people are generally Booriſh; yet none but may be bred to a Stateſman, they having all this gift not to be ſo nice-conſcienced but that they can turn out religion, to let in policy.

Their Countrey is the God

God they worſhip. War is their Heaven. Peace is their Hell, and the *Spaniard* is the Devil they hate. Cuſtome is their Law, and their will reaſon.

You may ſooner convert a *Jew* than make an ordinary *Dutch-man* yield to Arguments that croſs him. An old *Baud* is eaſilyer turned *Puritan*, than a Waggoner perſwaded not to bait thrice in nine miles. And when he doth, his horſes muſt not ſtirre, but have their manger brought them into the way, where in a top-ſweat they eat their graſs

graſs, and drink their water, and preſently after hurry away. For they ever drive as if they were all the ſonnes of *Nimiſhi*, and were furiouſly either purſuing an enemy or flying him.

His ſpirits are generated from the *Engliſh* Beer, and that makes him headſtrong. His body is built of pitckled *Herring*. And they render him teſty: theſe with a little Butter, Onyons & *Holland* Cheeſe are the ingredients of an ordinary *Dutchman*; which a voyage to the *Eaſt-Indies*, with the heat of the *Equinoctiall Conſolidates*.

If

If you ſee him fat he hath been rooting in a Cabbage ground and that bladdered him. Viewing him naked you will pray him to pull of his Maſque and Gloves, or wiſh him to hide his face, that he may appear more lovely. For that and his hands are *Ægypt*, however his body be *Europe*. He hath expoſed them ſo much to the Sun and water as he is now his own diſguiſe, and without a Vizard may ſerve in any *Antimaſque* you put him in.

For their Condition they are Churliſh as their breeder

breeder *Neptune:* and without doubt very antient; for they were bred before manners were in fashion. Yet all they have not, they account superfluity, which they say mendeth some, and marreth many.

They should make good Justices; for they respect neither persons nor apparell. A boor in his liquord slop shall have as much good use as a Courtyer in his bravery; Nay more; for he that is but Courtly or Gentile, is among them like a *Merlyn* after *Michaelmas* in the field with *Crowes.* They wonder at and envy; but worship no such

ſuch Images. Marry with a Silver hook you ſhall catch theſe *Gudgeons* preſently. The love of gain being to them as naturall as water to a Gooſe, or Carrion to any Kite that flies.

They are ſeldome deceived; for they truſt no body; ſo by conſequence are better to hold a fort than win it; yet they can do both. Truſt them you muſt if you travel. For to ask a Bill of particulars is to purre in a Waſpes neſt; you muſt pay what they aſk as ſure as if it were th'aſſeſment of a Subſidy.

Com-

Complement is an idlenes they were never trained up in, and 'tis their happineſs that Court vanities have not ſtole away their minds from buſineſs.

Their being Sailors and Souldiers have marred 2 parts already, if they bath once in Court oile they are painted Trapdores. And ſhall then let the *Jewes* build a City whe e *Harlem Mere* is and after coſen 'em on't.

They ſhall abuſe a ſtranger for nothing, and after a few baſe terms ſcotch one an other to a *Carbonado*, or as they do their Roaches when

when they fry them.

Nothing can quiet them but money and liberty, yet when they have them they abuſe both; but if you tell them ſo you awake their fury; and you may ſooner calm the Sea than conjure that into compaſs again. Their anger hath no eyes. And their judgement doth not flow ſo much from reaſon as paſſion and partiality.

They are in a manner all *Aquatiles*: and therefore the *Spaniard* calls them Water Dogges. To this though you need not condiſcend; yet withall you may think they

can

can catch you a duck as ſoon. Sea-*Gulls* do not ſwim more readily: nor *More hens* from their neſt run ſooner to the water. Every thing is ſo made to ſwim among them, as it is a queſtion if *Elizeus* his Ax were now floating there, it would be taken for a miracle.

They love none but thoſe that do for them; and when they leave off, they neglect them. They have no friends but their kindred; which at every wedding, feaſt among themſelves like Tribes.

All that help them not, they hold popiſh; and take

it

it for an argument of much honeſty to rail bitterly againſt the King of *Spain*. And certainly this is the badge of an ill Nature, when they have once caſt off the yoke, to be moſt virulent againſt thoſe to whom of right they owe reſpect and ſervice. Grateful diſpoſitions, though by their Lords they be exempt from ſervice, will yet be paying reverence and affection. I am confident that had they not been once the Subjects of *Spain*, they would have loved the nation better. But now out of dying Duties aſhes all the

the Blazes of hoſtility and flame. And tis ſufficient ground to contemn their eternal hate, to know the world remembers, they were once the lawful ſubjects of that moſt Catholique Crown.

Their ſhipping is the Babel which they boaſt on for the glory of their Nation. Tis indeed a wonder, and they will have it ſo. But we may well hope they will never be ſo mighty by Land, leaſt they ſhew us howdoggedly they can inſult where they get the maſtery.

Tis their own *Chronicle* buſineſs, which can

tell

tell you that at the Seige of *Leyden*, a Fort being held by the *Spaniſh*, by the *Dutch* was after taken by Aſſault. The Defendants were put to the ſword, where one of the *Dutch* in the fury of the ſlaughter, ript up the Captains body, and with a barbarous hand tore out the yet living heart panting among the reeking bowels, then with his teeth rent it ſtill warm with blood into gobbets, which he ſpitted over the battlements, in defiance to the reſt of the Army.

Oh Tigers breed! The *Scythian*-Bear could nere have

have been more ſavage. To be neceſſitated into cruelty, is a misfortune to the ſtrongly tempted to it; but to let ſpleen rave, and mad it in reſiſtleſs blood, ſhewes nature ſteepd i'th livid gall of paſſion; and beyond all brutiſhneſs diſplays the unnoble tyranny of a prevailing Coward.

Their Navies are the whip of *Spain*, or the Arm wherewith they pull away his *Indies*. Nature hath not bread them ſo active for the land as ſome others: But at Sea they are water-Devils, to attempt things incredible.

In

In Fleets they can fight close, and rather hazard all then save some, while others perish: but single, they will flag and fear like birds in a bush when the *Sparrow-Hauks* bells are heard.

A *Turkish* man of War is as dreadfull to them as a a *Falcon* to a *Mallard*; from whom their best remedy is to steal away. But if they come to blowes, they want the valiant stoutness of the *English*, who will rather expire bravely in a bold resistãce, than yield to the lasting slavery of becoming captives to so barbarous an enemy.

nemy. And this ſhews they have not learned yet even Pagan Philoſophy, which ever preferred an honourable death before a life thralled to perpetuall ſlavery.

Their ſhips ly like high woods in Winter: And if you view them on the Northſide you friez without hope, for they ride ſo thick, that you can through them ſee no Sun to warm you with.

Sailers among them are as common as beggars with us. They can drink, rail, ſwear, niggle, ſteal, and be lowſie alike; but examining their uſe, a meſs of knaves

their Knaves are worth a million of ours: for they in a boiſterous rudeneſs can work, and live, and toil, whereas ours will rather laze themſelves to poverty; and like Cabages left out in winter, rot away in the loathſomeneſs of a nauſeous ſloth.

Almoſt all among them are Seamen born, and like frogs can live both on land and water. Not a Country Urieſter but can handle an oar, ſteer a boat, raiſe a maſt, and bear you out in the rougheſt ſtreights you come in. The ſhip ſhe avouches much better for ſleep than a bed.

ing full of humours, that is her cradle, which luls and rocks her to a dull phlegmatickneſs, moſt of them looking like a full grown oyſter boild. Slime, humid air, water, and wet dyet, have ſo bagg'd their cheeks, that ſome would take their paunches to be gotten above their chin.

The Countries government is a *Democracy*, and there had need be many to rule ſuch a rabble of rude ones. Tell them of a King, and they could cut your throat in earneſt. The very name carries ſervitude in it, and they hate it more than

a Jew doth Images, a Woman old age, or a Non-Conformist a surplice.

None among them hath Authority by inheritance, that were the way in time to parcel out their Countrie to Families: They are chosen all as our Kings chuse Sheriffs for the Counties: not for their sin of Wit, but for the Wealth they have to bear it out withall; which they so over-affect that *Mynheere* shall walk the Streets as Usurers go to Baudy houses, all alone and melancholie. And if they may be had cheap, he will daub his faced cloke with

two penni-worth of pickled Herrings which himſelf ſhall carrie home in a ſtring. A common voice hath given him prehemineence,& he loſes it by living as he did when he was but a *Boor*. But if you pardon what is paſt, they are about thinking it time to learn more civilitie.

Their juſtice is ſtrict if it croſs not Policie: but rather than hinder Traffique tollerates any thing.

There is not under heaven ſuch a Den of ſeveral Serpents as *Amſterdam* is, you may be what Devil you will, ſo you puſh not the State with your horns.

Tis

Tis an Univerſity of all Religions, which grow here confuſ'dly (like ſtocks in a Nurſery) without either order or pruning. If you be unſettled in your Religion, you may here trie all, and take at laſt what you like beſt. If you fancie none, you have a pattern to follow, of two, that would be a Church by themſelves.

Tis the Fair of all the Sects, where all the Pedlers of Religion have leave to vent their toies, their Ribands, and phanatick Rattles. And ſhould it be true it were a cruel brand which *Romiſts*

ſtick upon them. For (ſay they) as the *Chameleon* changes into all Colours but white: ſo they admit of all Religions but the True. For the *Papiſt* only may not exerciſe his in publick Yet his reſtraint they plead is not in hatred but juſtice: becauſe the *Spaniard* abridges the *Proteſtant*. And they had rather ſhew a little ſpleen, than not cry quit with their Enemy. His act is their Warrant; which they retaliat juſtly. And for this reaſon rather than the *Dunkirks* they take ſhall not dy, *Amſterdam* having none of their own, ſhall borrow a hang-

man

man from *Harlem*.

Now albeit the *Papists* do them wrong herein, yet can it not excuse their boundless *Tolleration*, which shews they place their Republick in a higher esteem than Heaven it self: and had rather cross upon God than it. For whosoever disturbs the Civil Government is lyable to punishment: But the Decrees of Heaven, and Sanctions of the Deity, any one may break unchec[illegible]'d, by professing what false Religion he please. So *Consulary Rome* of old, brought all the Straggling Gods of other Nations to the City,

where blinded ſuperſtition paid an Adoration to them.

In their Families they all are equals, and you have no way to know the maſter and Miſtreſs, but by taking them in bed together. It may be thoſe are they: Otherwiſe *Malky* can prate as much, laugh as loud, be as bold, and ſit as well as her Miſtreſs.

Had *Logicians* lived here firſt, Father and Son had never paſſed ſo long for Relatives. They are here Individuals, for no Demonſtrance of Duty or Authority can diſtinguiſh them, as if they were created

ated together, and not born ſucceſſively. And as for your Mother, bidding her goodnight, and kiſſing her, is punctual bleſſing.

Your man ſhal be ſaucy, and you muſt not ſtrike; if you do, he ſhall complain to the *Schout*, and perhaps have recompence. Tis a dainty place to pleaſe boies in: for your Father ſhall bargain with your School-Maſter not towhip you: if he doth, he ſhall revenge it with his knife, and have Law for it.

Their apparel is civil enough and good enough: but very uncomely; and hath uſuallymore ſtuffthan

ſhape. Only their *Huykes* are commodious in winter: but tis to be lamented, that they have not wit enough to lay them by when ſummer comes.

Their women would have good faces if they did not mar them with making. Their Ear-wyers have ſo nipt in their Cheeks, that you would think ſome Faiery, to do them a miſchief, had pincht them behind with *Tongs*. Theſe they dreſs, as if they would ſhew you all their wit lay behind, and they needs would cover it. And thus ordered, they have much more forehead than face. They

They love the *English Gentry* well; and when Souldiers come over to be billetted among them, they are *Emulous* in chusing of their guest, who fares much the better for being liked by his *Hostess*.

Men and Women are there *starched so blew*, that if they once grow old, you would verily believe you saw *Winter* walking up to the neck in a Barrel of *Indigo*: And therefore they rail at *England* for spending no more *Blewing*.

Your men among them is else clad tolerably, unless he enclines to the Sea-fashion: and then are his

breeches, yawning at the knees, as if they were about to ſwallow his legs unmercifully.

They are far there from going Naked, for of a whole woman you can ſee but half a face. As for her hand that ſhews her a ſore Labourer; which you ſhall ever find as it were in recompence loaden with Rings to the cracking of her fingers. If you look lower Shee's a Monkey chain'd about the Middle, and had rather want it in diet, than not have ſilver links to hang her keyes in.

Their Gowns are fit to hide

hide great Bellies, but they make them ſhew ſo unhanſome that men do not care for getting them. Mary this you ſhall find to their commendation, their ſmocks are ever whiter than their skin.

Where the Women lyes in, the Ringle of the door does penance, and is lapped about with linnen, either to ſhew you that loud knocking may wake the child; Or elſe that for a moneth the Ring is not to be run at. But if the child be dead there is thruſt out a Noſegay tyed to a ſticks end; Perhaps for an emblem of the life of man, which

which may wither as ſoon as born; or elſe to let you know, that though theſe fade, upon their gathering, yet from the ſame ſtock the next year a new ſhoot may ſpring.

You may rail at us for often changing; but I aſſure you with them is a great deal more following the faſhion; which they will plead for as the ignorant Laity for their faith. They will keep it becauſe their Anceſtors lived in it. Thus they will rather keep an old fault though they diſcover errors in it, than in an eaſy change to meet a Certain Remedy.

For

For their dyet, they eat much and ſpend little: when they ſet out a Fleet to the *Indies*, It ſhall live three moneths on the Offals, which we here fear would ſurfeit our ſwine: yet they feed on't, and are ſtill the ſame *Dutchmen*.

In their houſes Roots and ſtock-fiſh are ſtaple-commodities. If they make a feaſt & ad fleſh, they have art to keep it hot more daies, than a Pigs-head in Py-Corner. Salt meats, and ſowre Cream, they hold him a fool that loves not, only the laſt they correct with Sugar, and

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are not half so well pleased with having it sweet at first, as with letting it sowre that they may sweeten it again, as if a woman were not half so pleasing being easily won, as after a scolding fit she coms by man to be calm'd again.

Fish indeed they have brave and plentiful; and herein practice hath made them Cooks as good as ere *Lucullus* his latter Kitchin had, which is some recompence for their wilfulness, for you can neither pray nor buy them to alter their own Cookery.

To a feast they come rea-

readily, but being ſet once you muſt have patience. They are longer eating meat than we preparing it. If it be to ſupper you conclude timely when you get away by day-break. They drink down the evening Starre, and drink up the morning Starre. At thoſe times it goes hard with a ſtranger, all in curteſie will be drinking to him, and all that do ſo he muſt pledge: till he doth, the fill'd Cupps circle round his Trencher, from whence they are not taken away till emptyed. For though they give you day for payment, yet they will not abate

bate the ſum.

They ſit not there as we in *England*, men together, and women firſt, But ever intermingled with a man between; and inſtead of March-panes, and ſuch juncates, tis good Manners if any be there, to carry away a piece of Apple Py in your pocket.

The time they there ſpend, is in eating well, in drinking much, and prating moſt. For the truth is, the Compleateſt drinker in *Europe* is your Engliſh Gallant. There is no ſuch Conſumer of liquor as the Quaffing off of his Healths. Time was

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the *Dutch* had the better of it; but of late he hath loſt it by prating too long over his pot. He ſips, and laughs, and tells his tale, and in a Tavern is more prodigal of his time, than his Wine. He drinks as if he were ſhort winded; and as it were eates his drink by morſels, rather beſieging his brains then aſſaulting them. But the *Engliſh* man charges home on the ſudden, ſwallowes it whole, and like a haſty tide, fills, and flowes himſelf, till the mad brain ſwims, and toſſes on the haſty fume. As if his Liver were burning out his ſtomach,

mach, and he ſtriving to quench it, drowns it. So the one is drunk ſooner, and the other longer. As if ſtriving to recover the wager, the *Dutchman* would ſtill be the perfecteſt ſoker.

In this Progreſs *you have ſeen ſome of their* Vices, *now view a* Fairer Object.

Solo-

Solomon *tels of* four *things that are small and full of* Wisdome, *The* Pismire, *the* Grasshopper, *the* Coney, *and the* Spider.

For PROVIDENCE they are the *Pismires* of the World: and having nothing

thingbut whatgrafs affords them ; are yet for almoſt all Provifions, the Storehouſe of the whole of *Chriſtendome*. What is it which there may not be found in plenty? They making by their induſtry all the fruits of the vaſt Earth their own. What Land can boaſt a privilegethat theydo not partake of? They have not of their own enough materials to compile one ſhip; Yet how many Nations do they furniſh? The remoter angles of the world do by their pains deliver them their ſweets. And being of themſelves in want, their diligence hath made

made them both *Indies* neerer home.

They are frugal to the ſaving of Eg-ſhels, and maintain it for a Maxime, that a thing laſts longer mended than new.

Their *Cities* are their *Mole*-hills; Their *Schuits* and *Flyboats*, creep and return with their ſtore for Winter. Every one is buſie and carries his grain; as if every City were a ſeverall *Hive*, and the *Bees* not permitting a drone to inhabit. For idle perſons muſt find ſome other manſion. And leſt neceſſity bereave men of means to ſet them on Work, there

are

are publique Banks that (without uſe) lend upon pawns to all the poor that want.

There is a ſeaſon when the *Piſmires* fly, and ſo each *Summer* they likewiſe *Swarm* abroad with their Armies.

The *Ant* ſayes one, is a wiſe Creature, but a ſhrewd thing in a Garden or Orchard. And truly ſo are they; For they look upon others too little, and upon themſelves too much. And whereſoever they light in a pleaſant or rich ſoyl, like ſuckers and lower plants, they rob from the root of that tree which gives them ſhade

ſhade and protection, ſo their wiſdome is not indeed Heroick or Numnial; as Courting an Univerſall Good; But rather narrow and reſtrictive; As being a wiſdome but for themſelves. Which to ſpeak plainly, is deſcending into Craft; and is but the ſiniſter part of that which is really Noble and Cœleſtiall.

Nay in all they hold ſo true a proportion with the *Emmet*, as you ſhall not find they want ſo much as the ſting.

For dwelling in Rocks they are Conies. And while the *Spaniſh* tumbler

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playes about them, they reſt ſecure in their own inacceſſible Berries. Where have you under heaven, ſuch impregnable Fortifications? Where Art beautifies Nature, and Nature makes Art invincible: Herein indeed they differ; The Conies find Rocks, and they make them. And as they would invert the miracle of *Moſes*, They raiſe them in the boſome of the waves. Where within theſe twenty years, ſhips furrowed in the pathles Ocean, the peacefull plough now unbowels the fertile earth, which at night is carried home to

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the faireſt Manſions in *Holland.*

Every Town hath his Garriſon: and the keyes of the Gates in the night-time, are not truſted but in the State-houſe. From theſe holds they bolt abroad for proviſions, and then return to their faſtneſes repleniſhed.

For war they are Graſshoppers, & without a King, go forth in bands to conquer Kings. They have not only defended themſelves at their own home, but have braved the *Spaniard* at his. In *Anno* 1599, under the command of *Van der Does*, was the Grand

Canary taken. The chief City ſackt; the King of *Spain's* Enſigns taken down, and the colours of his Excellency ſet up in their room. In the year 1600 the battel of *Nieuport* was a gallant piece, when with the loſs of a thouſand or little more, they ſlew 7000 of their Enemies, took above a 100 Enſigns, the Admirall of *Arragon* a priſoner. The very furniture of the Arch Duke's own chamber and Cabinet, yea the ſignet that belonged to his hand.

In 1607. they aſſailed the *Armado* of *Spain* in the Bay of *Gibraltar*, under covert

covert of the Caſtle and Towns Ordnance, and with the loſs of 150, ſlew above 2000, and ruined the whole Fleet. Certainly a bolder attempt hath ever ſcarce been done. The *Indian* Maſtiff never was more fierce a gainſt the angry Lion. Nor can the Cock in his crowing valour, become more prodigall of his blood than they.

There hardly is upon earth ſucha ſchool of Martiall Diſcipline. Tis the Chriſtian worlds *Academy* for Arms; whither all the the neighbour-Nations reſort to be inſtructed; where they may obſerve

how unreſiſtable a blow, many ſmall grains of powder will make being heaped together, which yet if you ſeparate, can do nothing but ſparkle and die.

Their recreation is the practice of Arms; And they learn to be ſouldiers ſooner than men. Nay as if they placed a Religion in Arms, every Sunday is concluded with the train'd Band's marching thorough their Cities.

For induſtry, they are *Spiders*, and are in the Palaces of Kings. Of old they were the guard of the perſon of the *Roman* Emperor, And by the *Romans* themſelves

ſelves declared to be their friends and companions. There is none have the like intelligence; Their Merchants are at this day the greateſt of the Univerſe. What Nation is it where they have not inſinuated? Nay, which they have not almoſt anatomized, and even diſcovered the very intrinſick veins on't?

Even among us, they ſhame us with their induſtry, which makes them ſeem as if they had a faculty from the worlds Creation, out of water to make dry land appear. They win our drowned grounds which we cannot recover,

and chaſe back *Neptune* to his own old Banks.

All that they do is by ſuch labour as it ſeems extracted out of their own bowels. And in their wary thrift, they hang by ſuch a ſlender ſuſtentation of life, that one would think their own weight ſhould be enough to crack it.

Want of Idleneſs keeps them from want. And tis their Diligence makes them Rich.

A fruitfull Soil encreaſeth the Harveſt. A plentifull Sunne augmenteth the Store; and ſeaſonable ſhowres drop fatneſs on the Crop we reap. But

no

no Rain fructifies more than the dew of Sweat.

You would think being with them you were in old *Israel*, for you find not a begger among them. Nor are they mindfull of their own alone; but ſtrangers alſo partake of their Care and Bounty. If they will depart, they have money for their Convoy. If they ſtay, they have work provided. If unable, they find an Hoſpitall. Their Providence extends even from the Prince to the catching of flies. And leſt you loſe an afternoon by fruitleſs mourning, by two of the clock all Buri-

als muſt end. Wherein to prevent the waſt of ground, they pile Coffin upon Coffin till the Sepulchre be full.

In all their Manufactures they hold a truth and conſtancy: for they are as fruits from Trees, the ſame every year that they are at firſt; Not Apples one year and Crabs the next; and ſo for ever after. In the ſale of theſe they alſo are at a word, they will gain rather than exact; and have not that way whereby our Citizens abuſe the wiſe, and cozen the ignorant; and by their Infinite over-asking for

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commodities proclaim to the world that they would cheat all it it were in their power.

The Depravation of Manners they puniſh with Contempt, but the Defects of Nature they favor with Charity. Even their *Bedlam* is a place ſo curious, that a Lord might live in it; Their *Hoſpital* might lodge a Lady: So that ſafely you may conclude, amongſt them, even Poverty and Madneſs do both inhabit handſomly. And though Vice makes every thing turn ſordid, yet the State will have the very Correction of it to be neat, as if they

they would ſhew that though obedience fail, yet Government muſt be ſtill it ſelf, and decent. To prove this they that do but view their *Bridewell* will think it may receive a Gentleman though a Gallant. And ſo their priſon a wealthy Citizen. But for a poor man tis his beſt policy to be laid there, for he that caſt him in muſt maintain him.

Their Language though it differ from the higher *Germany*, yet hath it the ſame ground, and is as old as *Babel*. And albeit harſh, yet ſo lofty and full a Tongue as made *Goropius*

Beca-

Becanus maintain it for the ſpeech of *Adam* in his Paradiſe. And ſurely if there were not other reaſons againſt it, the ſignificancy of the Antient *Teutonick* might carry it from the primeſt Dialect. *Stevin* of *Bruges* reckons up 2170 Monaſillables, which being compounded, how richly do they grace a Tongue? A Tongue that for the general profeſſion is extended further than any that I know. Through both the *Germanies*, *Denmark*, *Norway*, *Sweden*, and ſometimes *France*, *England*, *Spain*. And ſtill among us all our old words are *Dutch*,

Dutch, with yet ſo little Change, that certainly it is in a manner the ſame that it was 2000 years ago, without the too much Mingled Borrowings of their neighbour Nations.

The *Germans* are a people that more than all the world I think may boaſt ſincerity, as being for ſome thouſands of years a pure and unmixed people. And ſurely I ſee not but their conduction by *Tuiſco* from the building of *Babel*, may paſs as unconfuted Story, they yet retaining the Appellation from his Name.

They are a large and nu-

numerous people having ever kept their own, and transported Colonies into other Nations. In *Italy* were the *Longobards*; In *Spain* the *Gothes* and *Vandalls*; In *France* the *Franks* or *Franconians*; In *England* the *Saxons*: having in all these left reverend Steps of their Antiquity and Language.

It is a noble Testimony that so grave an Historian as *Tacitus* hath left still extant of them, and writen above fifteen hundred years ago. *Deliberant dum fingere nescinnt: Constituunt dum errare non possunt.* They deliberate when they

they cannot diſſemble: and reſolve when they cannot erre.

Two hundred and ten years he reckons the *Romans* were in conquering them. In which ſpace on either ſide were the loſſes ſad and fatal. So as neither the *Samnites*, the *Carthaginians*, the *Spaniards*, the *Gaules*, no nor the *Parthians* ever troubled them like the *Germans*. They ſlew and took priſoners ſeveral Commanders of the higheſt rank, as *Carbo*, *Caſſius*, *S. Caurus Aurelius*, *Cervilius Cepio*, and *M. Manlius*. They defeated five *Conſulary Armies*, and

and *Varus* with three legions, yet after all this he concludes, *Triumphati Magis quam victi ſunt*, They were rather Triumphed over than conquered. To confirm this, the keeping of their own language is an argument unanſwerable. The change whereof ever follows upon the fully vanquiſhed, as we may ſee it did in *Italy*, *France*, *Spain*, *England*.

And this he ſpeaks of the Nation in General. Nor was the opinion of the *Romans* leſs worthy in particular concerning theſe lower Provinces which made

made them for their valor and warlike minds, ſtile them by the name of *Gallia Belgica*, and eſpecially of the *Batavians*, which were the *Hollanders* and part of *Guelders*. You may hear in what honorable terms he mentions them, where ſpeaking of the ſeveral people of *Germany* he ſaies, *Omnium harum Gentium virtute præcipui Batavi. Nam nec tributis contemnuntur nec publicanus atterit: excempti oneribus & Collationibus, et tantum in uſum præliorum ſepoſiti, velut tela atque Arma Bellis reſervantur.* Of all theſe Nations the principal

cipal in valiant vertue are the *Batavians*: for neither are they become deſpicable by paying of Tribute, nor oppreſſed too much by the Farmor of publick Revenues; but free from Taxes and Contributions of ſervility; they are ſpecially ſet apart for the fight, as Armour and Weapons only reſerv'd for War.

All this even at this day they ſeem to make good: For of all the world, they are the people that thrive and grow rich by the war, like the *Porcpiſce* that plays in the ſtorm, but at other times keeps ſober under

der the water.

War, which is the worlds ruin, and ravins upon the beauty of all, is to them Prosperity and Ditation. And surely the reason of this is their strength in shipping, the open Sea, their many fortified Towns, and the Country by reason of its lowness and plentifull Irriguation becoming unpassable for an army when the winter but approaches. Otherwise it is hardly possible that so small a parcell of Mankind, should brave the most potent Monarch of Christendome, who in his own hands holds the

Mines

Mines of the wars ſinews, Money, and hath now got a command ſo wide, that out of his Dominions the *Sunne* can neither riſe nor ſet.

The whole ſeventeen Provinces are not above a thouſand *Engliſh* miles in circuit. And in the States hands there is not ſeven of thoſe. Yet have they in the field ſometimes 60000 Souldiers, beſides thoſe which they alwaies keep in Garriſon, which cannot be but a conſiderable number neer thirty thouſand more. There being in the whole Countries above two hundred wall'd

Towns

Towns & Cities. So that if they have People for the War, one would wonder where they ſhould get money to pay them; They being when they have an Army in the field at a thouſand pound a day charge extraordinary.

To maintain this, their Excize is an unwaſted Mine, which with the Infinitneſs of their Trafick, and their untired Induſtrie, is by every part of the World in ſomething or other Contributed to.

The Sea yields them by two ſorts of Fiſh only, Herrings and Cod, ſixty thouſand pound *per annum*; for which

which they go out ſome times ſeven or eight hundred boats at once, and for greater ſhips they are able to ſet out double the number.

Their Merchandiſe amounted in *Guicciardines* time to fourteen Millions *per Annum*. Whereas *England* which is in compaſs almoſt as large again, and hath the Ocean as a Ring about her, made not above ſix Millions yearly: ſo ſedulous are theſe Bees to labour and inrich their Hive.

As they on the Sea, ſo the women are buſie on Land in weaving of Nets, and

and helping to add to the heap. And though a husbands long abſence might tempt them to laſcivious wayes: yet they hate adultery, and are reſolute in Matrimonial chaſtity. I do not remember that ever I read in Story, of any great Lady of that nation, that hath been tax'd with looſeneſs. And queſtionleſs tis their everbeing buſie makes them not have leiſure for luſt.

Tis idleneſs that is *Cupids* Nurſe; but buſineſs breaks his Bow, and makes his Arrowes uſeleſs.

They are both Merchants

chants and Farmers. And there act parts, which men can but discharge with us. As if they would shew that the Soul in all is masculine, and not varied into weaker sex as are the bodies that they wear about them.

Whether this be from the nature of their Country, in which if they be not laborious they cannot live; or from an Innate Genius of the people by a Superiour Providence adapted to them of such a situation; from their own inclination addicted to parsimony; from custome in their way of bree-

ding; from any Transcendency of active parts more than other Nations; or from being in their Country, like people in a City besieged, whereby their own vertues do more compact and fortifie; I will not determine. But certainly in generall they are the most painfull and diligent people on earth: And of all other the most truly of *Vespasians* opinion, to think, that *Ex re qualibet bonus odor lucri*; Be it raised from what it will, the smell of gain is pleasant.

Yet they are in some sort Gods, for they set bounds

bounds to the Sea: and when they liſt let it paſs them. Even their dwelling is a miracle. They live lower than the fiſhes. In the very lap of the floods, and incircled in their watry Arms. They are the *Iſraelites* paſſing through the Red Sea. The waters wall in them, and if they ſet open their ſluces ſhall drown up their enemies.

They have ſtrugled long with *Spains Pharoah*, and they have at length inforced him to let them go. They are a *Gideons* Army upon the march again. They are the *Indian* Rat,

knawing the Bowels of the *Spaniſh Crocodile*, to which they got when he gap'd to ſwallow them. They are a ſerpent wreathed about the legs of that *Elephant*. They are the little ſword fiſh pricking the bellies of the *Whale*. They are the wane of that Empire, which increaſ'd in *Iſabella*, and in *Charles* the 5th. was at full.

They are a glaſs wherein Kings may ſee that though they be Soveraigns over lives and goods, yet when they uſurpe upon Gods part, and will be Kings over conſcience too, they are ſomtimes puniſht with loſs

loſs of that which lawfully is their own. That Religion too fiercely urg'd is to ſtretch a ſtring till it not onely jars, but cracks; and in the breaking, whips (perhaps) the ſtreiners eye out.

That an extreme taxation is to take away the hony, while the Bees keep the Hive, whereas he that would take that, ſhould firſt either burn them, or drive them out. That Tyrants in their Government, are the greateſt Traitors to their own States. That a deſire of being too abſolute is to walk upon *Pinacles* and the tops

of *Pyramides*, where not only the footing is full of hazard, but even the ſharpneſs of that they tread on may runne into their foot and wound them. That too much to regrate on the patience of but tickle Subjects, is to preſs a thorne till it prick your finger. That nothing makes a more deſperate Rebell than a Prerogative inforced too far.

That liberty in man is as the skin to the body, not to be put off, but together with life. That they which will command more than they ought, ſhall not at laſt command ſo much as is fit. That

That Moderate Princes ſit faſter in their Regalities, than ſuch as being but men, would yet have their power over their Subjects, as the Gods unlimited. That Oppreſſion is an iron heat till it burns the hand. That to debar ſome States of *antient Priviledges*; is for a Falcon to undertake to beat a flock of wild-geeſe out of the fens. That to go about to compell a ſullen reaſon to ſubmit to a wilful peremptorineſs is ſo long to beat a chain'd Maſtife into his kennell, till at laſt he turns and flies at your throat. That unjuſt pollicy is to ſhoot as they

did at *Oſtend* into the mouth of a charged Canon to have two Bullets returned for one. That he doth but indanger himſelf, that riding with too weak a Bit provokes a headſtrong horſe with a ſpur. That tis ſafer to meet a valiant man weaponleſs, than almoſt a coward in Armor. That even a weak cauſe with a ſtrong Caſtle, will boil ſalt blood to a Rebellious Itch. That tis better keeping a Crazy body in an equal temper, than to anger humors by too ſharp a phyſick.

That Admonitions from a dying man are too ſerious to

to be neglected. That there is nothing certain that is not impossible. That a Cobler of *Vlushing* was one of the greatest enemies that the King of *Spain* ever had.

To conclude, the Country it self is a Moted Castle keeping a Garnish of the Richest Jewels of the World in't; The Queen of *Bohemia* and her Princely Children.

The People in it are Jews of the New Testament, that have exchanged nothing but the Law for the Gospel: and this they rather profess than practise. Together a man of

of War riding at *Anchor* in the Downs of *Germany*.

For forrein Princes to help them is wiſe ſelf-policy. When they have made them able to defend themſelves againſt *Spain*, they are at the Pale, if they enable them to offend others they go beyond it. For queſtionleſs were this Thorne out of the *Spaniards* ſide he might be feared too ſoon to graſp his long intended Monarchy. And were the *Spaniard* but poſſeſſed Lord of the Low-Countries, or had the States but the wealth and power of *Spain*, The reſt of *Europe* might be like peo-

people at Sea in a Ship on fire; that could only chuſe whither they would drown or burn. Now, their war is the peace of their neighbours. So *Rome* when buſied in her Civill Broiles, the *Parthians* lived at reſt; but thoſe concluded once, by *Cæſar* next are they deſigned for conqueſt.

If any man wonder at theſe contraries, let him look in his own body for as many ſeverall humors. In his own brain for as many different Fancies. In his own heart for as various paſſions; and from all heſe he may learn, That there

there is not in all the world such another Beast as *Man*.

FINIS.